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1889

Spray of the Golden Sea,

And Other Poems.

—— BY ——

THE REV. DWIGHT WILLIAMS.

"Thou hast no shore, fair ocean!
Thou hast no time, bright day!
Dear fountain of refreshment
To pilgrims far away!"

—Bernard of Cluni.

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Spray of the Golden Sea.

My bark is outward bound
O'er stormy billows far;
Beneath, are depths profound,
Above, the sailing star;
Somewhere the waves divide
Along the shadowy way,
And I shall reach the tide
Where leaps the golden spray.

To catch the breezes there
Will touch with youth the brow;
Nor shall a danger dare
Disturb my sunlit prow;
O voyage of delight,
To watch the sails that cross
The line where storms affright,
With bitter pain and loss.

To welcome them, and know
The battle flags they bore,
For Him who loved them so
And won them evermore;
The salt sea spray is here,
What if it buffet me?
The boundless tides are near
Spray of the golden sea.

From the Hills.

The springs of my delight are flowing
From hills beyond the azure glowing,
They laugh and leap o'er sunlit ledges,
Through vales of cloud with crimson edges,
And pour for me in streams divine.
I drink, and joy and strength are mine.

My pathway from the hills is lighted,
And ah, my eyes grow eager sighted;
My feet are in the valley winding,
But looking on through sorrows blinding,
The hills I see of my heart's rest,
A wayworn pilgrim here confessed.

I journey to the hills befriending,
With battlements of peace ascending,
Where sits my King unwearied watching,
And turns my foes with strength o'ermatching;
No highway walled more safe can be
Beneath his towers with guards for me.

Through Vistas Dark.

Through vistas dark the far off lights
More brightly gleam upon the heights,
The sky is vacant in the blaze
And beauty of the summer days;
God talketh with His neophytes
Of His great marvels, and the sights
Of His vast wonderwork, in nights
Of silence while they upward gaze
Through vistas dark.

So wings the soul in loftier flights
From that great storm of grief that smites
It oft, and hides it in the maze;
The gates are lifted with displays
Of love which God the Father writes
Through vistas dark.

My Pilot.

O Pilot come to me!
The night is dark;
How shall I cross the Sea
Or steer my bark?
My sails by wind are torn,
And I am far
From home, on fierce waves borne,
No sun nor star;
O Pilot come to me, be Thou my guide,
No danger shall I know upon the tide.

My Pilot comes to me,
Ye fierce waves roll!
I glide across the sea
At His control;
The winds caress His hand
And harm me not,
On deck I smiling stand
All fear forgot;
My Pilot talks with me of that dear shore
Where I shall dwell with Him forevermore.

In the King's Garden.

I stood outside the gate,
And longing looked within;
My heart was desolate
With poverty and sin;
And they who waited there
Like angels seemed to me,
"Come in!" they said with air
Of heavenly charity.

With downcast eyes I came,
And entered half afraid;
But when they spake the name
Of Him who long since paid
A debt I could not pay,
I felt a great content,
That seemed with me to stay,
Which way I turned or went.

The King bade me remain,
Ah, beautiful is He;
He told me of His pain,
And how He bled for me;
I wept at words so sweet,
Loth now from Him to part,
Who made my joy complete,
And healed my broken heart.

As in a Strange Country.

The land of our sojourn is fair
With water-springs cool at our feet,
With pastures of flocks for our care,
And voices most loving and sweet;
'Tis only a land of sojourn,
A valley of strangers confessed,
We linger to listen and learn
Of mansions prepared for our rest.

And One from the city of gold,
Long since with a sorrowful guise,
Came hither with words which He told
Of visions yet hid from our eyes;
As in a strange country He dwelt
With us as a brother indeed;
Our joys and our sorrows he felt,
And wrought for our bitterest need.

As in a strange country! ah, yes!
Because of the King gone before,
Who stood on the mountain to bless
His people, and rose evermore;
Where Jesus dwells, there is our home,
We dream of its mansions possessed;
As in a strange country we roam,
With visions of beauty and rest.

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